THE Victory of Death; OR, The FALL OF BEAUTY.

A Visionary Pindarick-Poem,

Occasion'd by the

Ever to be deplor'd Death

Of the Right Honourable the

LADY *CUTTS.*

By Mr. JOHN HOPKINS.

Tanto Dea digna Marito.

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To the truly Honourable

The Lord CUTTS.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

A Modern Wit, (ſo ſwift his Notions ran)
Deſcrib'd the Patron firſt, then nam'd the Man,
Whoſe wide ſpread Character high rais'd in Fame,
Did the great *Dorſet* to the World proclaim.

Here I, my Lord, might diff'rent Tracks purſue,

And praiſe as great a *Dorſet*—but by naming you.

Let others—for poor Gain the firſt reſign,

And ſeek new Patrons, you alone are mine.

My Muſe feels native Pride, and flatters none,

But once enjoying you, ſhe's yours alone.

Yours—for 'tis you, my Lord, ſhe dares to boaſt,

The moſt a Courtier, yet above it moſt.

Thus, well diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt of Men,

You ſlight the Feather, but command the Pen,

With this my willing Temper does comply;

Wholly my Patron, you, as much your Poet, I.

Strait would my *Genius* flag, nor could I raiſe

To Undeſert a Pile of ſordid Praiſe.
I cannot bend too low my ſuppliant Mould,
Nor flatter Fortune's Sons for ſervile Gold:
Unaw'd, my Muſe, to ſeek your Favour flies,
Reſolv'd to periſh, or reſolv'd to riſe.
Bleſt is her Choice, grown conſcious now of You,
At once our *Horace* and *Mecænas* too.
'Tis here, her firm Allegiance ſhe aſſures,
No proud Superiour your Deſert endures,
The Field of Wit, as well as War is yours.
Whilſt you protect me, who ſhall dare deſtroy!
Not the *Palladium* better guarded *Troy*.
I fear no Force illnatur'd Criticks raiſe,
I have their Envy, and deſpiſe their Praiſe,

What here I offer, you alone can claim,
An Angel couch'd in *Florimena*'s Name,
And ſure 'tis yours, to guard your Lady's Fame.

To you alone her Character is due,
As ſhe alive belong'd alone to you.
But no one Sphere has *Phœbus* Rays confin'd;
Her radiant Luſtre ſhone on all Mankind.
Her Fame from Flatt'ry, my chaſt Muſe ſecures,
She was what Woman could be — ſhe was yours.
This, to end all Debates, of force may ſerve,
Who could charm CUTTS, indeed muſt all deſerve.
She muſt be more — tho' to a wonder fair;
Poſſeſt of double Pow'rs, who conquers there.
Forgive, my Lord, the tranſports of my Mind,
This you would pardon, could you ſearch behind.

I give but little from ſo vaſt a ſtore,
All I can keep, I do; but that ran ore,
And 'tis with racking Pain I muſt refrain from more.

You and your Merits daſh the Poet's Hand,
You ſlight our Praiſe, yet thoſe our Praiſe command.

Take then, this Gift alone; you can't refuſe,
But grant the Suit,—'tis *Florimena* ſues.

Verſe is the Muſes Preſent; free, receive,
Tho' I, my Lord, thus unexpected give.

My humble Genius no great State aſſumes,
Nor ſends to tell ſhe will, before ſhe comes.

My Viſit now your Preſence dares demand,
I bring your bright lov'd Charmer in my Hand.

Your *Florimena* ſure will welcome grow,
She would indeed, could ſhe be truly ſo.

To the truly Honourable, &c.

O could my Verſe the Nymph from Shades retrieve,
And give her Life, who makes my Numbers live!
Then ſhould my Muſe all charming to you fly,
Could ſhe boaſt truly that ſhe ſhould not dye.
Hower, my candid Patron, gracious take,
And prize the Picture for the Perſon's ſake.
In this, my Lord, my purpos'd End I find;
I ſlight all Cenſures, if your Judgment's kind.
My Muſe courts you alone, and here aſſures
At once the Poem, and the Poet—

Your's.

THE PREFACE.

——Hæ nugæ Seria ducent
In mala, deriſum ſemel, acceptumq; finiſtrè.

I Am now I ſuppoſe, Gentlemen, (Criticks I mean) about to write a Letter to you; but I preſume you expect no loving Billet at my hands: for I muſt own I have no very tender Paſſion for you, neither do I deſign to court you; and if I ever humble my ſelf before ye with the leaſt ſhow of Adoration, it muſt be thro' meer Fear, as Indians *(damning themſelves through dread of being damn'd) pay a blind Worſhip to the Devil. I muſt confeſs I have yet had no very particular Reaſon for attacking you; I wage War againſt you only as the common Enemy; who, like the*

the noted Pyrats, make prize of all you meet. But mine I conceive you thought so small a Sail, as was not worth a Chace. Thence 'tis my Quarrel with you rises, for the Muses are, like Russian *Wives, never well satisfied, till beaten; and a Poet takes a Blow from a Critick for as great a Favour as he would from a Mistress. He must be indeed of very little Force whom you would not endeavour to disarm; and to take no notice of a young Lady, (who with a charming Assurance, sets up for a Beauty) is an Affront sufficient. Wit is like Courage, and all young Poets, like young Souldiers, catch at first occasions to make it known they have it; should no Provocations be of force to make the one draw his Pen, or the other his Sword, they must be indeed too cool to feel the Fire of Fancy or of Valour. For my part I think 'tis fittest for me to oppose you now, while the Body of my Forces is yet intire, for I shall be able to make but small Resistance, when you have strain'd, and barbarously disjointed the tender Limbs of my Muse upon the Rack of Criticism; and tho there may perhaps be no Action for a while, 'tis (as our late good Friends the* French *have sometimes prov'd) no small Advantage, first to take the Field, and*

with

with an early Fury open the Campaign. On this Consideration I thought it best to draw a Circle round me, ere the Spirit was rais'd. and indeed this course seems strictly necessary here; for a malicious Critick is a Devil which all the Charms of Verse want power to lay. 'Tis now my business to observe where I lie most open to you in this last Sally, that I may the better parry your Thrusts, and stand upon my guard as much as possible.

As to my former Poem call'd The Triumphs of Peace, *I know nothing that has offer'd which requires my Defence, and I think it has been so little read, that its own bound Cover has been sufficient Safeguard, and the Poet as well as the Poem triumphs only perhaps by being unassaulted. I have heard indeed that some have said they knew not what to make of it, and I confess I am apt to believe them; but I can no more make them Readers, than they can make me a Writer. I content my self, and with reason enough, that Mr.* Congreve, *Mr.* Tate, *and Mr.* Dennis *were pleas'd to like it, but above all, that it was honour'd with the signal Approbation of its Patron, whom (and I have convincing Reasons to fix me in the opinion) I believe not at all inferiour in Wit to*

either

either of the Former, nor to the Latter in Judgment. As to the present Poem, if his Lordship shall please to accept and patronize that too, I shall here likewise have my Ends accomplish'd; for 'tis design'd intire his Lordship's, as was the late bright Subject, who has giv'n the sad Occasion. But if it miss the wish'd Success, there are but six Days lost, for I can produce unquestion'd Witness, that within the Limits of that time I wrote it, nor did I sit up labouriously at it, like those who made the Mourning for her Ladyship's Relations, tho I must own 'twas finished without any great Intermission, which gives me some Hopes that it may all be of a piece. I must take leave to say too, (so large a Field such copious Merits gave me) that it flow'd from me easie, free, and unconstrain'd, as from her Ladyship's Acquaintance did their Tears. Thence 'tis that the mourning Muse grown fond of her own Melody, has sung so long an Ode. However, long as it is, Mr. Congreve, *belov'd for his Candour, as much as for his Wit admir'd, was pleas'd not only to approve, but greatly to commend it, in having read it thrice. The Stile is Pindarical, or at least, that which is vulgarly call'd so; 'tis of the same Libertine sort,*

tho

tho' not such, as Mr. Cowley *was so successful in; but indeed it deserves not to be thought even an Imitation of* Pindar; *for in all his Odes there was a constant Measure certainly observ'd; and tho' the Number of every Verse was not answer'd by the immediately succeeding Line, yet infallibly 'twas answer'd with an harmonious Disposition in some other in the Stanza, it was the artful Measure that his Genius kept, which made him appear so much at liberty, and his Muse, tho' fetter'd, with such Grace danc'd to the Musick of her own Chains, she seem'd to have her freedom. Thus, soaring so irregularly high, on that account indeed, I may be said to have out-flown even* Pindar. *'Tis no easie Task for the Muse constantly to beat her airy Wings in Fancy's middle Region, and yet to seem to the Beholders still to rise: Her Flight is to be perform'd like that of* Dædalus, *she's to be born up but by a constant Motion, and not only to shun the Ocean, the Abyss of Thought, but even the Heats of a too scorching Sun; tho'* Phœbus *is the God inspires her: But mine, yet artless, and making but her second Journey thro' the Air, like* Icarus, *perhaps might miss her way; her Wings, like his, being only wax'd. Unskil-*

ful

ful as she is, she flyes undaunted; for she esteems it better to have dar'd to rise, than not at all attempt it. She chose therefore that Style, whose rapid Current might bear her up the best; besides this mournful Theam (in my opinion) requir'd such Numbers most, Numbers resembling the late bright Subject which has caus'd them, where awful Lustre shone at once, and tender Beauty warm'd. Pastoral may seem to some to have been most proper here, that is indeed the common Mode of writing, and had the Subject here been common, I should have chosen it too; but 'tis a Path so worn already, that no Genius, less than that of the admirable Author of Pastora, *can, without servilely following others Tracks, with any pleasure tread; and if he deviates from it, he may err; besides Pastoral only begs our Pity, but Pindarick forces. I shall now offer only this in respect of the present and the former Poem. To abuse the Poet, doubtless you may be apt to reflect upon his Muses; now I confess in both, I have been very familiar with them, nor quitted them till the very end; should I go about to excuse my self, I could urge that Mr.* Cowley *says; calling frequently on the Aid of the Muses,*

is a

is a Liberty Pindarick can hardly live without; but if you are angry that I have made use of all of them at once, I'll only answer, 'Tis better to have them all, than (like you, when you pretend to write) to have none. When the Muses Statues were to be made, they were at first design'd but Three, but the Artist making Nine, (intending that the three most beautiful should be chosen,) found all too charming for any one to be deny'd, and sure the Muses should themselves be favour'd rather than their Statues: But this, Gentlemen, I suppose won't take with you, who, I dare be bold to promise, will never raise a Statue to a Muse.

THE VICTORY OF DEATH.

I.

COME all ye Muſes, mourning come,
The beauteous, matchleſs *Florimena* dead!
The beſt, the lovelieſt Muſe is fled:

Hurl down your Lyres, their Voice
must be
As silent, and as dead as she.
Hurl them, ah hurl them to the ground,
Let Cypress Boughs alone be worn,
Cypress must your Heads adorn.
Pull off your Wreaths of Lawrel now,
The Lawrel withers on the Muses Brow.
From your pale Temples be they rudely
torn,
Throw down your Lyres, on them, her
Crown.
Let ev'ry weeping Muse throw down,
Stifling the Musick of the Lyre,
Let them be strow'd ore *Florimena's* Tomb,
And as the dying Tunes expire,
Let no melodious Harmony be found,

But

But at their Fall —let breaking Strings, in
Murmurs only ſound.

II.

Your gladſome Notes, late tun'd to Joys,
I muſt not here awake,
My Grief all Melody deſtroys,
And my own Diſcord muſt my Muſick
make.
Let ev'ry Muſe as chaſt appear,
As the fair Saint, for whom they now come
here.
Not on *Parnaſſus* airy Heads
In dancing meaſures ſhall ye move,
Or flow'ry Lawns, or fragrant Meads,
In any ſpreading Bow'r, or Grove,
Or where your wanton Fancy leads,

You ſhall not looſely now have leave to rove,
But, ſilent, hear of Death, the fatal Death of Love.

III.

No more your Muſick I require,
Your Voice is uſeleſs, uſeleſs is your Lyre,
I want no Ayres to fan a raging Fire:
My Soul a hov'ring Cloud appears,
Within it, gloomy Seeds it bears,
The ſtrugling Flaſhes of my Thought,
Through their own Gloom to Light are brought,
My Sighs are Winds, my Show'rs are Tears,
My jars of Grief burſt out in diſmal Moans,

And

And thunder loudly in diſtorted Groans.
My op'ning Mind diſplays the awful Scene,
See, ſee, the beauteous Heav'n — dead *Florimena* lies within.

IV.

Behold, ye Daughters, ſprung from *Jove*;
(Which us'd, in former Flights, to move
Swift as his Lightnings from above,)
To the *Elyzian* Shades repair,
Their noiſeleſs Pinions cut the Air,
In mourning Clouds, ſee, they come ſlowly down,
Thoſe Wings, which oft ſo ſwift have flown,
Dampt with their Tears, are heavy grown.

Flagging, they gently beat the Sky,
And rather ſeem to fall, than fly.
Behold, they bend to *Albion*'s Shore,
The Clouds in Showrs ſhed all their ſtore,
And *Albion*'s chalky Cliffs are ſhadow'd ore.
As when the Sun through darken'd Skies is gone,
Fleeting ore Hills, Shades are ſeen paſſing on.
So here, ore us we ſee the Shadows run,
Since *Florimena*'s clouded ore — Fair *Florimena* — *Britain*'s Sun.

V.

Low as my Thought can place the Scene,
Their darkſome Courſe the Muſes bend,
Low, wond'rous low, confus'd they fall,
And in thick Night deſcend,
Down, round a ſpacious, gloomy Grove beneath,
Cloſe ſet with aged Cypreſs Trees,
(Which each with ſhiv'ring Horror ſees,)
With flutt'ring Wings, their Journey paſt,
Diſorderly they light at laſt;
Amaz'd they view the diſmal Grove,
Unlike the Scenes they view'd above,
Ah! far unlike the Bowr's of Love.
With trembling Eyes they look within,

And down agaſt they totter all,
Depriv'd of Voice, depriv'd of Breath,
They find theſe Manſions are the Courts of Death.

No Ray of their bright God can here
Amidſt this ſolid Gloom appear,
Their melancholy Thoughts to chear.

As interpoſing Bodies cloud his radiant Light,
So is their Luſtre here eclips'd by Death's oreſhadowing Night.

VI.

Above their head they view the Forreſt bare,
Ill-boding Birds, inſtead of Leaves they ſee
Sit croaking on their tops, and cov'ring every Tree.

The horrid Groans of Ghosts invade
The shatt'ring Branches, and molest the shade.
Murmurs, and Sighs make all the Breezes there,
The Musick which the Goddess Death delights alone to hear.
Thro' all the Vale no blooming Plant appears,
The deadly Soil nought but rank Poysons bears.
And ev'n those unripen'd lye
Scatter'd beneath the Trees, and dye.
Here hoary Winter reigns thro' all the Year;
Spread ore with Tombs, and Graves, the spacious Field
Does a vast Crop of Death, and dire Destruction yield.
So dread a Burthen does it bear,

Such weighty Monuments of Pomp are there,
The Vale resounds thro'out with Moans,
And streams of Blood, oppreſt with Bones,
Inſtead of ſofter Murmurs, make complaint in Groans.

VII.

Within the awful Grove, a Temple ſtands,
Long built by Fate's unalterable Hands;
Round is its ſhape; four Iron Gates appear,
To let in all—for all muſt enter here.
Not in one poſture do they ever ſtand,
But as the dreadful Goddeſs pleaſe,
They open, or they ſhut with eaſe,
Whene'r ſhe lifts her ſacred Wand,

Or

Or only beckons with a bloody Hand.
Old Age and Pains are Porters to the Doors,
And (Goddeſs Death!) they make the whole
Creation yours.
The Gates with putrid Ruſt are overſpread,
And all beſmear'd with Blood of Lovers
dead.
The more the ruſty Iron crumbles down,
The Gates are ſtill the ſtronger grown.
Their Wickets, of themſelves, clap to, and
open faſt,
And flakes of clotted Gore they throw
Off with their aged Ruſt below,
Thus, by their own decay, they do for ever
laſt.

VIII. Death's

VIII.

Death's Servants all in black appear,
The Liv'ry of their Queen they wear,
And mournful black the Walls of thoſe Apartments bear.
Here pitchy Tapers caſt their Shades,
And a thick Wreath of Smoak, in Clouds, ore all the Temple ſpreads.
The Goddeſs ſelf, behind her gloomy Shrine,
Does her grim Head upon her Arm recline.
Behold, two Images before her ſtand,
The greateſt mortal Beauty, here,
Upon her left, does pale appear,
The greateſt mortal Warriour on the other hand,
Above her Head Diſeaſes bear

Her

Her bloody Crown, all flaming in the Air.
Dark is her Shrine, her Crown alone
Glares with a glim'ring Dread, and lights
her ſultry Throne.

IX.

No precious Stones within this Crown are
worn,
But, fixt at top, a Scull it bore,
Oreflowing with black, putrid Gore,
And dire, diſcolour'd, ſulph'rous Flame does
all its Parts adorn.
Diſeaſes hov'ring ore her Throne,
Infected by each other, tumble down.
Faſt does the one upon the other drop,
And by their Fall, the tott'ring Crown they
prop.

Faint

Faint to their Goddeſs each arrives,
Her pale, wan Lips they flutter ore,
Her blaſting Breath does all their Pains reſtore,
And thus, ev'n Death it ſelf revives.

X.

Behold, the Images are nearer plac't
And now the Goddeſs ſets them cloſe at laſt.
See — *Florimena* — ore the Head,
May of the lovely, female, fair be read.
In Characters of black that Name is underſtood.
See — ore the other's Head, a Name
Renown'd ore all the Coaſts of Fame,
Behold, 'tis character'd in Blood.

'Tis

'Tis glorious CUTTS, her Noble Lord,
Who ev'n in gloomy ſhades of Death ſhall
ever be ador'd.

XI.

Heavens! How the awful Goddeſs ſtares!
Behold her fiery Eyes, ſee how their Light-
ning glares.
See what a ſtorm of ſulphrous Breath ſhe
pours,
Reluctant Fires, and rowling Smoak,
From her wide Jaws in flaſhes broke.
See, ſee, towards the Fair ſhe moves,
Blaſts all her happy Days, her tender
Hours,
Blaſts, with the noyſome Breath, which
from her came,

The

The pureſt light of Paſſion's ſacred Flame,
And blaſts her Hero's fondeſt Loves.

XII.

Behold her Scepter, dread with Iron ruſt,
(Whoſe pond'rous Load none elſe can bear,)
No longer lies beneath her Throne,
(Death's Scepter buried deep in Duſt,)
Aloft, with pain ſhe lifts,—and ſhakes in Air.
Inrag'd ſhe pounds on Carcaſſes, and Bones,
Diſtorted Looks in Flaſhes fly,
Her very Scepter trembles,—and her Crown
Sway'd by the Weight, ſeems tott'ring down.
And now the frowning Goddeſs ſwells and groans,

As

As if her ſelf, ev'n Death her ſelf, would dye.

The lovely, loving Images ſhe parts,

Heaves up her Scepter, now relents,

And ſtrait the threaten'd ſtroak repents,

But ſoon again, her Rage does glow,

She leaps,—and bounds,—and ſtrikes the Blow,

The very Image of the Hero ſtarts;

Loud on her own dread Name Death proudly calls,

Heavens! Now the ſtroak is giv'n,—and *Florimena* falls.

XIII.

This muſt be all but viſionary Dream,
Which thus my Thoughts, thro' Indigeſtion frame.
This killing Object cannot be,
A Death, which makes me almoſt dye to ſee.
This wild Chimæra but in fancy lyes,
'Tis then but fancy too that *Florimena* dyes.
Fancy!—Alas! Too well I know,
(Whate'r againſt my Soul may flow)
My willing Mind would never fancy ſo.
Not all the Rage of cruel War,
The mighty Hero's Soul could move;

Now

Now mark his Thoughts,—behold they jar,
'Tis worse than Death,—not Life he loses,
but he loses Love.

XIV.

And now another Scene appears,
Death's Temple opens, and within,
The dreadful, bloody Altar's seen.
To which, the lovely Corps her Prieſteſs bears.
Off rings of Skulls, and Bones ſhe brings,
The ſacred Load into the Flame ſhe flings,
And the great Conqueſt of her Monarch ſings.
The eager Flames the Prey deſtroy,
The ghaſtly Prieſteſs grins a Smile,
Pleas'd with the Ruin of the charming Pile,

And the Fire crackles with exceſs of Joy.
The ſacred Altar where the Prieſteſs ſtood,
Still bluſhes for her Crime, while ſhe grows
drunk with Blood.

XV.

The Monſter Death is blind we know,
She had not elſe us'd *Florimena* ſo.
See, ſee, the beauteous Charmer lyes,
And in the Flames expires;
A Sacrifice to Death ſhe's made,
While yet no living Off'ring to great Love
ſhe paid,
To Love, who mourns his now extin-
guiſh'd Fires.
Hark, thro' the Courts of Death a diſmal
ſound

In

In hollow voice does from all sides rebound.
Hark, *Florimena* is the Name,
Swiftly the Noise in Ecchoes flyes,
The Ecchoes fainter the lov'd Noise proclaim,
And ev'n the very Name of *Florimena* dyes.
Rise, Muses, rise, your flight prepare,
Quit the black Mansions of this Realm of Night,
Prepare, make haste, prepare your flight,
And cut the upper Air.
Now *Florimena* does your Labours claim,
I'll raise a lasting Monument of aiery Fame.
Swift with the Name round the Creation fly,
And bear it kindly to the starry Sky,
While Heaven and Stars shall last,—fair *Florimena* shall not dye.

XVI.

To others aiery, Fame ſhall be
(Bleſt Saint) a ſolid Monument to thee.
Rais'd of the ſtrongeſt, and the loftieſt Verſe,
Which ſhall thy real Praiſe rehearſe,
Built by thy weeping Poet's hands,
Firm as Death's Throne it ſelf, the Pile for ever ſtands.
The Throne of Death ſhall from thy Tomb ariſe,
Her Empire's fixt, where *Florimena* lyes.
Fam'd ſhall it ſtand, when Ages ſhall be paſt;
My Grief alone ſhall here inſpire,
My clowdy Grief ſhall flaſh out Fire.

No

No Muſe ſhall looſely ſing of you,
Death now, ſince thou art ſeiz'd, may ſeize the Muſes too;
This *Mauſoleum* ſhall for ever laſt.
The Muſes Harmony would now appear
But jarring Diſcord, ſhould they raiſe it here.
Let them not dare to ſtrike their Lyre,
Unleſs the ſound make all, who hear, expire.
In decent Mourning be you only ſeen,
Mourn *Florimena* dead,—fair *Florimena* was the Muſes Queen.

XVII.

I now all Aid you bring beſides, refuſe,
You Muſes, here your ſelves would want a Muſe.

Sorrow alone inſpires my mournful Lays,
I ſing with ſorrow now fair *Florimena*'s Praiſe.
Wither, ye Laurels, on the Poets Brow,
An Air of mourning thro' my Lines ſhall paſs,
Since they can only tell that *Florimena* was.
She was indeed all we could wiſh her now.
Well may our Tears to her a Tribute fall,
To *Florimena*—ſhe deſerves them all.
To her,—who, when alive, bleſt ev'ry ſight,
To her alone, who crown'd the uſe of light.
Tho' now in Death's dark, gloomy night ſhe lyes,
Our Tears are Off'rings due,—alive, we offer'd up our Eyes.

XVIII. Our

XVIII.

Our Sorrow now, more than our Love we find,
Sorrow, tho always weeping, is not blind,
Tho Love it ſelf wants Eyes, too plain we ſee,
Help'd by its Flames, what our Misfortunes be.
Too fierce is Paſſion's raging Fire;
In vain, alas! in vain we ſtrive,
By Sorrow's ſtreams to make its ſparks expire,
Tears quench not burning Love, but keep it more alive.
Whate'r bright *Hymen*'s Lamps have Pow'r to do,

The

The Torch of Death, with glaring light,
does all Disasters shew.

XIX.

Behold, Queen *Sorrow* in a Mist appears,
A dusky Robe of foggy Clouds she wears;
Drawn by wing'd Sighs, see how she slowly glides,
A smoaking Torch she bears, extinguish'd, in her Hands.
Pity and *Love* attend her Chariot's sides,
Still in one Posture, leaning low, she lies,
Fair is her Face, but blubber'd are her Cheeks, and blear'd her Eyes.
Her dewy Crown is set with largest Tears;
Above, her awful Mother, *Silence*, stands,
And ore her Head,

Does

Does a black melancholy Cov'ring ſpread,
Pourtray'd with inwrought Images of Ears;
The Banners of her Foe ſhe bears.
Inly the troubled Goddeſs, *Sorrow*, moans,
Like *Sybil's* Prieſteſſes ſhe ſwells,
And, ere ſhe ſighs, that ſhe will ſigh, foretels:
Or like the Sea, by late paſt Storms oppreſt,
Heaves ſlowly up her panting Breaſt,
And heavily ſhe groans.
The Matron *Silence* hates the Noiſe ſhe made,
For ſhe reigns only when her Daughter *Sorrow's* dead.

XX. Come,

XX.

Come, Goddeſs, come, thy Ayres infuſe,
A charming Eloquence Affliction bears,
My *Helicon* ſhall be compos'd of Tears.
Throw off thy ſad Expreſſive, Matron *Silence*, now,
Unlock thy Tongue, unlock thy Brow,
Like melting *Canens* mourning for her Love,
Breath out in ſighs fair *Florimena*'s Name
Your Being to her Death you owe,
Teach me in melancholy Ayres to move,
And fix her charming Praiſe in Fame,
Of *Florimena*'s Merits ſhall I boaſt,
The Earth ſhall know, tho dear the Knowledge coſt,
Know only, Paradiſe, and find it loſt.

None

None of the Nine, thee, Goddeſs, here I chuſe,
Come, thou inſpiring *Sorrow*, thou my Muſe.

XXI.

Sad ſhall the weeping World her Vertues know,
When ſhe was griev'd, ſhe made all others ſo.
Such Softneſs her Affliction wore,
Thy ſelf, great Goddeſs, could not move us more,
Like Influence in her Tears, as in her Eyes ſhe bore.
Whene'r ſhe wept, the World in floods ſhe found,
And (with another Deluge) all the Globe lay drown'd.

O could my Soul frame the least Dawn of Hope
That Plaints and Wailings could afford Relief,
The Sluces of my Eyes should ope,
And I would rowl in an impetuous flood of Grief.
Yes, let me plunge, behold, I go,
Her Praise shall bear me up in Fancy's Main,
Now, now I rise, now Thoughts, like Seas,
Insult, and dash me; there a Billow plays,
And now my Sorrow sinks me down again.

XXI. The

XXII.

The mighty Artiſt, when his Skill excell'd,
Drawing the *Greek* in all his height of Woe,
The Form, the Limbs, and Poſture, juſt, did ſhow,
But, at the Face, he found the Pencil fail'd;
A mourning Vail ore that he wiſely drew,
So, *Florimena*, muſt thy Painter do;
For could I run your num'rous Vertues ore,
Tell if your Hero's Griefs, or your lov'd Charms were more,
It were impoſſible to paint your Beauty too.

XXIII.

Beyond that *Greek*'s, this Hero's Grief appears,
He loſt the beſt of Wives, and Hope of glorious Heirs.
Lovely as Glory's ſelf, the Nymph he view'd,
Bright as his Arms——
Not Glory's ſelf with greater Toils was woo'd,
His Tears he paid this Fair, the other only had his Blood.
Ah! who ſucceſsfully can paint
So dread a Warriour, and ſo ſweet a Saint!
Terrour and Beauty in this Pair combin'd;
Well, mortal Artiſts here may make a ſtand,
When Heav'n it ſelf can ſcarce renew its hand;

Strong

Strong *Mars* and brighter *Venus* juſtly join'd.
In queſt of this, and this alone we rove,
If he had triumph'd more in War, or ſhe,
in Love.

XXIV.

When fam'd for wond'rous Conqueſts, wond'rous Charms,
No Pride this conq'ring, killing Beauty knew,
But mildly, like her Lord, ſhe look'd on thoſe ſhe did ſubdue.
Grown, by her Trophies, great enough to yield,
To him, victorious ſtill in every Field,
Her ſelf, the deareſt Prize, ſurrender'd to his Arms.
If any Pride this brighteſt Fair could move,

She felt it only in her Warriour's Love;
Proud of ſubmitting to this Conq'rour, more
Than of all Captives ſhe had made before.
Her Judgment, not her Scorn, all elſe denies,
His Sword alone ſhe found was pointed as her Eyes.

XXV.

Strange Pow'r of charming!—his Submiſſion gains,
He conquers thus, and triumphs through his Chains.
And yet alone, he doubts of Conqueſt here,
This mildeſt Foe knew how to raiſe his Fear.
Againſt this Chief whole ſhow'rs of Darts did move,
Many were lodg'd within his manly Breaſt,

But

But far, far deeper, deadlier than the reſt,
He felt the thrilling Dart of ſtrong victorious Love.
That, did his Senſes, and his Thoughts controul,
Thoſe pierc'd his Body only, that, his Soul.
But now no Balm can cure his wounded Heart,
For cruel, trayt'rous Love with Death has chang'd his Dart.

XXVI.

Great is the force of Paint, yet it denies
The skilful Touches of the Artiſt's Thought;
No Imag'ry from Colours can be brought
To ſhew enough the Griefs of his, — or Beauties of her Eyes.

Orpheus, 'tis ſaid, by Notes could draw,
Foreſts, and Rocks, and Herds along,
In ſpight of Nature's ſettled Law,
To hear, all raviſh'd, his delightful Song.
The charming Poet ſoftly plays,
They leap, and dance, and time his Lays,
No Rocks ſo hard but he could move,
And ſoften with his Ayres of Love,
This Senſe had Herds,——but *Florimena's* Charms
Had rais'd them with more fierce Alarms,
Far greater would their Tranſports be,
And only ſeeing (Fair) they would have follow'd thee.

XXVIII.

XXVII.

As, happy Martyrs Viſions ſhew
The Joys of Heav'n, which none till Death muſt view,
So I, inlighten'd by thy Beauty's Flame,
See all the Extaſies that Thought can frame.
Like the great, immov'd Painter, I conceive,
Such raviſhing Idea's here,
My Pencil would my Soul deceive,
No fixt Proportion would the Painting bear,
But I at once ſhould ramble ev'ry where.
O Sorrow, here thy Curtain place,
Draw a black Veil ore this too beauteous Face.
To thee, alas! unhappily I run

Alas! the Veil is drawn; — and Death the
willing Task has done.

XXVIII.

Like Lightning, ſhining was her Beauty
view'd,
From a fair Sky produc'd, without a Cloud.
A while the glitt'ring Bleſſing ſtrikes our Eyes.
From Heav'n its pureſt Flaſhes came,
A heav'nly, yet deſtroying Flame,
Which only robs us of our Sight, and dies.
The ſhort liv'd Comfort ſhews our Fears,
And ſtrait again it diſappears,
Thro' darkeſt Gloom it brings us Light,
Its Life conducts us to our Death,
And guides us to black Shades beneath,
The momentary View it chears,

It only now makes all the Globe ſeem bright,
To paſs, like fleeting Thought, away, and leave more ſolid Night.
The World lies clad in Darkneſs, when 'tis gone,
Storms, and fierce Show'rs deſcend, and ſtrait, rolls the loud Thunder on.

XXIX.

Nor was it Beauty in this Nymph alone,
Which made her conqu'ring Warriour's Soul her own.
Tho wond'rous Magick in ſoft Glances lies.
Had it been true that Lovers, and that Love were blind,
This bright, victorious Fair had triumph'd in his Mind.
Not all his Love from Looks the Hero drew,

She had a Tongue as charming as her Eyes,
At once a *Venus*, and *Minerva* too.

Let meaner Beauties only boaſt,
Their tuneful Voices Pow'r to move,
They find, that when they charm the moſt,
Thoſe Swains, whoſe Fires before did glow,
A little raviſh'd, own a Love,
Their Breath can to that Height the Burnings blow.

But *Florimena*'s Ayres much more could do,
They rais'd the Fire, and kept it flaming too.

XXX.

This Nymph's each Geſture had ſome Grace that charm'd,
She could not look, or ſpeak, or move,

But

But ſhe commanded awful Love;
And the Beholders of all Senſe diſarm'd.
Her Glances (ſtill ſo bright they flew)
Or ſtruck admiring Lovers blind,
Or all their Senſes to their Eyes confin'd,
That they could only view.
Or if ſhe ſung, —(Oh Heav'ns! what Man can bear
The very Thought of ſo divine an Ayre.)
Methinks young Love, with hov'ring Spirits flies
Around her charming Lips, and basks about her Eyes.
No God from the ſweet Spheres ſuch Tranſports drew,
So ſoft, ſo melting ſoft her Voice, and yet ſo piercing too.

XXXI.

XXXI.

Each Note exceſſive Tranſport brings,
And ſtill ſhe charms the more, the more ſhe ſings.

Hark, how pleas'd Eccho does the Tunes reſtore,
The Eccho ſoft returns the Ayres,
And ſeems to liſten, and has Fears,
Leſt any other Eccho hears.

Her coy *Narciſſus* here the Maid had mov'd,
Returning *Florimena*'s Song,
The charming Youth ſhe would have drawn along,
Not the reflection of a Face, but Voice he would have lov'd.

Till

Till Death ſhut in her Charms, (her Charms, ah! now no more!)
In every part—Muſick the lovely *Florime.* *na* wore,
In every part of her ſoft Frame,—and ſhe was Harmony all ore.

XXXII.

The Sweets of *Hybla* from her Breath did flow,
And her fair, lovely Cheeks did with freſh Beauty glow.
Devouring Death luxurious now I ſee;
(Strange! That no Art, not its own Charms, can ſave
Beauty, almoſt immortal, from the Grave!)
He blaſts the blooming Fruit, and he deſtroys the Tree.

Where-

Where'er the Glories of her Face were
ſhown,
Beauty in hers could not be ſurer ſeen, than
Wonder in our own.
So lovely fair!—if ſuch a thing there be
As Beauty's ſelf, — 'twas *Florimena*, — and
'twas only ſhe.

XXXIII.

But now, that Sun of Beauty, and of
Love,
Shines in an other Radiant Sphere above,
Tho' nought could clowd her clear, Meridian
Light,
When the ſhort ſpace was ended, which ſhe
run,
And the bright Task of radiant Day was
done,

She ſet all heavenly fair in Death's eternal Night.

Night, and thick Darkneſs ore the Globe we find,

While ſmaller Beauties, by her abſence, here,

Like Stars with fainter Light appear.

Which can't orecome thoſe Clouds, which ſhe has left behind.

Such were the Beauties *Florimena* wore,

The Stars themſelves were not in Number more.

Scarce the Nymph's other Merits can I trace,

Tranſported ſo,

With the aërial Images I grow,

Of all the bluſhing Glories in her beauteous Face.

My Pencil fond does of that Stroak appear,

And who,—ah! who would ſtir, that could dwell ever here?

XXXV. Too

XXXV.

Too lovely Face to be expreſt in Paint,
Thou, the moſt charming Shrine of the moſt charming Saint.

Seraphick Beauty reign'd thro'out the whole,
In all ſuch wondrous Sweetneſs was diſplay'd,
Divine in Body, more divine in Soul,
The one on purpoſe for the other made.

Now may we mourn, ſince *Florimena*'s dead,
The ſecond, but more fair, *Aſtræa* fled.
The firſt by Striſe, and impious Wars was driven,
But this, when all her Pray'rs were heard,

And

And Peace to flouriſh ore the Globe prepar'd,
Flew pleas'd, and calmly up to her own native Heaven.

XXXVI.

She fled indeed a bleſt *Aſtræa* there,
But left, alas! no *Florimena* here.
All that we good, divine, and lovely call,
Name but that Word, — it comprehends them all.

Her Darts could every Gazer hit,
One ſhooting Glance alone could move,
(With lambent Fires of inoffenſive Love,)
She had the Flames of Beauty, and the Warmth of Wit.

Swift

Swift as her Looks, could her bright Notions rise,

Her Fancy, and her Thought, were clear, and charming as her Eyes.

XXXVII.

Her Frame, all Sweets, which Love desires, could boast,

In her possession the blest Hero knew

The force of Beauty, and of Passion too,

She was most lovely, and she lov'd the most.

The transport of her mortal Charms,

(If such the smallest Charm of hers could be,)

Had been too vast a Prize for any other's Arms,

But on her Lord Ambrosial Show'rs did fall,
She prov'd, by all her Actions, Love could see,
He had, — and he deserv'd them all,
He only lovely to her Eyes did seem,
Fondly, and dear she lov'd, — as fondly was belov'd by him.

XXXVIII.

Soft were the Flames their glowing Bosoms bore,
Such bright, such pleasing Likeness in them lay,
Such equal Influence too they wore,
As those fair Beams, which in her Eyes did play.
Him did this Nymph to all Mankind prefer,

Her Hero's Paſſion did ſhe prize,
As dear as her own charming Eyes,
Thoſe Myrtles which her Love made grow,
He valu'd high, as his own Lawrel-Bough,
And of all Womankind he burnt alone for her,
Her, in whoſe ſoft Embrace ſuch Bliſs was given,
He preſt a Goddeſs, and he thought himſelf in Heaven.

XXXIX.

As her bright Form beyond all elſe could move,
So ſhe excell'd in the extreameſt Love.

The pureſt, moſt ſeraphick Fires
Were kindled in her fond Deſires,
Soft, as the thoughts of Angels, was her Soul
As free from looſeneſs, as 'tis now above.
To the bleſt Partner of her Flame,
She gave it up entire; — for him its Wiſhes came;
He had it, and enjoy'd it whole,
She gave her Soul, her Love, the deareſt ſtore,
She kindly gave her ſelf, gave all, — and wiſh'd to give him more.

XL.

Whate'r ſoft, female Beauty could beſtow,
In Tides of flowing Joys did rowl,

All that the Hero could desire to know
Of most celestial Happiness did fall;
She too possest it most, when so she gave it all.

But ah! That Rival, Death, with horrid Charms,
Has snatch'd her pale, and ghastly from her Lover's Arms.

He, cruel Monster, does the World controul.
No want of Beauty here her Ruine prov'd.
Death was too much with her Attractions mov'd,
And the grim Tyrant forc'd her, but because he lov'd.

XLI.

See where the lovely Charmer lyes,
(Ah! Goddeſs Sorrow! break your flight,
Too much already am I mov'd with this too mournful Sight.)
See, ſee, the faireſt Work that Heaven has made,
The faireſt Bloſſom of the fair,
That ere bleſt mortal Eyes,
The Work of Heaven, its choiceſt Care,
By an untimely, fatal Blaſt,
Ere half the Bloom even of her youth is paſt,
(O hard Decree of Fate!) muſt fade.
Why, tell me why! Was ſuch a heavenly Fire

So ſweetly kindled here below,
If, ſoon as it begun to raiſe
Its glowing Brightneſs to a Blaze,
The ſelf-ſame am'rous Breeze, which did ſo gently blow,
Should by ſome whirl of Chance, ſo rudely make its Flames expire!
See, Goddeſs Sorrow, ſee fair *Florimena* dead,
Weep, weep, till thou art blind,—beat faſt thy Breaſt, and gnaſh thy Teeth, and knock thy Head.

XLII.

Preſt by the Hand of Fate, I knew
All other Mortals lay,
And when he pleaſe to graſp us faſt,

We all inevitably breath our laſt,
But never thought that *Florimena* too,
Muſt ſure as vulgar Crowds decay,
How in the Duſt can ſo much Beauty lye!
Strange! that a thing ſo ſacred, ſo divine,
could dye!

XLIII.

Mark, Sorrow, mark the ſaddeſt Scene diſplay'd,
Black as thy diſmal Fancy ever lay'd.
Here muſt thy gloomy, vaſt Idea's ſwell,
Heave, heave, thy panting, tho' capacious Breaſt,
For the reception of ſuch Pomp of Woe, as cannot be expreſt;
Inſpire me with thy ſelf,—tho' not even thou canſt half the Horrour tell.

Too plain alas! I view too plain
This ſtroke of Fate, 'tis *Florimena* dyes,
I mark too well the mournful Scene,
I ſee thou ſhedſt thy plenteous ſtore,
And Sorrow's flowing Eyes are delug'd ore.
There, all that's lov'd, all that is lovely lyes,
I gaze on the afflicting ſight,—Death's diſmal Torches glaring in my Eyes.

XLIV.

There the all-beauteous Nymph in Pangs appears,
See, by the Taper's glimmering light,
I view the now amazing Sight;
Behold, the ſickly Taper hides its Fires,
The ſickly Taper too almoſt expires.

Out

Out let its Light be rudely blown,
Since the moſt radiant *Florimena's* Eyes,
Depriv'd of Luſtre, now are languid grown,
Let weaker Lights henceforth no more be ſhown,
Drown, drown them all with flowing Tears,
For ſoon the lovely Charmer dies,
And like the ſetting Summer's Sun,
She, who was Light it ſelf, and Brightneſs—
ſtrait muſt to dark ſhades be gone.

XLV.

See, where the Nymph's victorious Lord appears,
See how that Victor now lies bath'd in Tears!

Hear

Hear, hear the Hero's anxious Moans,
See, on her Breaſt he leans his Head,
Dying almoſt, leſt *Florimena* ſhould, alas!
be dead,
And with more tort'ring Pain than hers he
groans.
Unman'd, and void of Courage, rob'd
of all,
Sunk with a load of Grief, down proſtrate
does he fall,
Call oft on Heav'n,—and oft —on *Flori-*
mena call.

XLVI.

Behold, (Oh! killing Scene!) her dying
Care,
Was now to offer up her lateſt, grateful
Pray'r,

If any Sins she had to be forgiv'n,
She sues for Mercy, and she clears with Heav'n.
Pleas'd would she go, but still Remorse does find,
On the account of her afflicted Love;
Tho flying to the Seats of blissful Joys above,
She grieves to leave him, lost in Woe, behind.
Now his lov'd Hand in hers she presses fast,
A look ah! too, too languishing does cast,
— And catching thick at Breath — —
Close clasps him to her Soul, and breaths these Words the last.

XLVII.

Now all my Joys, those Dreams of Life, are gone,
And Night, the lasting Night of Death is drawing on. From

From thee, unwillingly from thee I move,
My Strength decaying shews my Passion great,
What puts the Light out, raises more the Heat;
I dye, but dying thine, —Ah! happy ever prove,
I lose my Lover, but preserve my Love.
Sustain me, bear me, bear me in thy Arms,
Thou best — thou dearest —
Oh! adieu — —
O thou, my Lord — my Love, — thou all ore Charms,
Take the last Pledge thy dying own can give,
No longer now alas! no more I live —
Another last farewel I must renew,
Dear Man! — (there they embrac'd) and faint, she murmur'd — Be thou true.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Here ceas'd the Nymph,— and gaſping now
ſhe lies,
Lock'd are the Charms of her ſoft Voice,
and clos'd her Eyes.
In haſte the Hero ſtarts, and ſpurns the
ground,
Catches her faſter and aloud he crys,
(Plung'd in deep floods of Woe, which daſh
him round,)
Stay, Charmer, ſtay, together will we go,
Yes,—by our tend'reſt Loves, it muſt, it
ſhall be ſo.
Dread and amazing does this Object ſeem,
Here, Death is even terrible to him.
Now the laſt Pang from her fair Boſom flies,

And

And down, oppreſt, the Hero ſinks, as *Florimena* dies.

XLIX.

Whither, ah! whither does this Viſion lead?
Ore Lawns, methinks, and Meads I rove,
On ſcatter'd, diſmal Yew, and Cypreſs boughs I tread.
See, ſee, within a ſpacious Grove,
A mourning Hearſe, all deckt with white, appears,
Within, an open Coffin lies,
Which holds the loveliest Fair that ere bleſs'd human Eyes.
See, at its ſide a gallant Chief does ſtand,
His Cask, and Truncheon at his Feet he throws,

A Face all drown'd in Grief he ſhows,
Tears off his wreaths of Laurel from his Brow,
His uſeleſs, and unvalu'd Laurels now,
The ſacred Crowns diſdainfully he tears,
And leans his penſive Head upon his Hand,
A view he takes of all his Bleſſings fled,
Fixt are his Looks, — and as he lov'd her living, he adores her dead.

L.

Thoſe lovely Breaſts the Warriour does behold,
Like Snow congeal'd, ſtiff in Death's Froſt, and cold.
Thoſe Breaſts, which ſtill the living Nymph could ſhew,

Soft

Soft as that Milk, which when a Child she drew.

No more the Hero must those Seats possess,

No more delightful Transports must he know,

No more their Sweets must all his Longings bless,

Nor on her charming Lips must he find Pleasures grow.

Her Eyes no more must with bright Motions roul,

No more divine Impulses of fierce Love must move the Warriour's Soul.

So much, alas! this loving Pair was one,

All his dear Sweets he sees, with *Florimena*, gone.

LI.

When all the Rage of horrid War was ore,
In which, a conſtant, proſp'rous ſhare he bore,
From all its Heat, and madding Fire,
In happy, ſpreading, fragrant Groves,
He wiſh'd at laſt to crown the tend'reſt Loves,
And for a while retire,
Supinely laid,
Beneath ſome verdant, cooling ſhade,
Whoſe Ayres might Thoughts of calmer Joys inſpire.
The Thund'rer ſo, when the raſh Youth had burn'd

Part of the Skies, and the terreſtrial World,
Seeing the Boy was headlong hurl'd,
Now viſiting the Meads and Bow'rs,
Perceiv'd a Nymph, and brighter Flames he bore,
Than thoſe which ſcorch'd the Globe, and burn'd his Skies before.
With her he ſpent ſome pleaſing Hours;
No more the Ruines, which were made he mourn'd,
But from that Heav'n, back to his own return'd.

LII.

Behold the God of Love upon the Plain;
Not far from hence, behold his Train,

Hymen,

Hymen, the God of Marriage too, appears,
See, in his Hand a Torch he bears,
Extinguish'd with his flowing Tears.
The beauteous *Cytherea* there comes on,
She rends her Locks, and beats her Breast,
With all the signs of real Griefs expreſt,
And mourns the fairer *Cytherea* gone.
Thro' ev'ry Bow'r, and ev'ry Grove,
Wild, and distracted does she rove,
Wild as the Forests where she runs—and mourns the Fall of Beauty, and of Love.

LIII.

See, where the pensive *Cupid* weeping stands,
See, how he wrings his little Hands,
Behold his slighted Quiver from him thrown,

His ſmoaking Torch too laid neglected down.

Hark, on his Mother ſadly does he call,
He holds a deadly, piercing Dart,
And ſhrill he cries, and points it at his Heart,
And threatens there to fall.

On thoſe fair Banks the Loves prepare their Seat,
And all lament loſt *Florimena*'s Fate;
Thoſe Streams to *Helicon* belong,
Thoſe vocal Streams, whoſe murm'ring Voice
Raiſe an harmonious, melancholy Noiſe,
And of themſelves pour forth a mournful Song,
Weeping whole Floods, as they glide down along.

LIV.

Behold, alas! the Hero now you ſee,
Striving the former Flames to trace
Of *Florimena*'s lovely Face;
Behold — he looks — almoſt as motionleſs, and dead as ſhe.
To whom his Story ſhall he now prepare?
And taſte the greateſt Pleaſures of ſucceſsful War.
Ah! how uncertain are our Bleſſings here,
When all that's brave, and great, and ſoft, and heav'nly Fair,
Muſt ſtoop to ſudden Chance, and in a moment diſappear.
Why in the Field did he ſuch Wonders ſhow?
Why did this Chief immortal Honours gain?

Since that — for which he felt the racks of
Glory's burning Pain,
The ſhining Miſtreſs of his Arms was not
immortal too.

LV.

Behold, Queen *Sorrow* now in haſte is fled,
And all the other mournful Train
Departing faſt, are ſcatter'd ore the Plain,
The warlike Lover too rears up, once more,
his Head.

See, ſee, another Scene the Proſpect yields,
Behold the peaceful, bleſt *Elyzian* Fields.
Mark all the ſhades, what preparation there
They make, to welcome to their Groves,
This far renown'd, and celebrated Fair!
The loveliest Nymph — that ever crown'd
the moſt exalted Loves.

But

But ſeee (O raviſhing Joy of all our ſight!)
See, ſee thoſe Angels in that Cloud deſcend,
Their courſe to *Florimena*'s Grove they bend,
See now, how ſmiling ſwift they all alight,
Their Fellow-Angel up they bear,
Bright as themſelves, bright as ſhe late ſhone here;
The Scenes of Mourning quickly diſappear;
The Hero bows, his pious Thanks are giv'n,
She waves a flying Farewel in the Air,
And on her dear-lov'd Chief ſhe gazes till ſhe enters Heav'n.

FINIS.

THE MUSE To the PATRON.

Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.
— Hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.

BEhold, my Son, theſe mourning Robes I uſe,
To ſhew my Grief for your departed Muſe.

To

To Shades, ah! Too, too melancholy gone,
Your Muſe, your Miſtreſs, and your Wife in one.

I, who have long been woo'd, and won by you,
Sue in my turn,—then hear me while I ſue.

The Soul ſhould ſeldom with its Wants comply,
Who faintly asks, but teaches to deny.

Still ſhould Wit's Cauſe be pleaded by the fair,
The riſing Poet is the Muſes care.

'Tis you, whoſe Bays with branching Laurels grow,
My beſt-lov'd Son, the Muſe addreſſes now.

Beneath their ſhade, as a ſecure retreat,
Afford my new-born Child an humble Seat,
Fenc'd from the rude Inſults of an impending Fate.

A Poet's Name he to your Fame does owe,
Yet now he ſues to be no longer ſo.
Or firſt, or laſt, all do my Charms deſpiſe,
I make them witty oft, but ſeldom wiſe.
'Tis true, in Numbers ſtill he feels Delight,
He has a Genius: Born, and loves to write.
But he repines, that Cuſtom ill has made
A lib'ral Art a mercenary Trade.
None, but *immortal Dryden*, nobly vain,
Great in his fancy'd Empire of Diſdain,
Felt Rage enough, and Courage only to ſuſtain.
But here this tend'rer Off-ſpring faintly ſings,
With infant Voice, and flys with feebler Wings.
Approaching Storms he dreads, nor can he bear
The furious Blaſts of a malignant Air.

The

The Poet's Title he would now diſown,
Or rather boaſt it but for you alone.
By you, and only you, (my Heir) 'twas given,
That Mankind knows me to be ſprung from Heaven.
You, whoſe ſublimeſt Genius reach'd the height,
Whence firſt I flew, and track'd my ſacred flight.
Wiſely to you does my new Off-ſpring ſue,
Of all Mankind, he would ſerve chiefly you.
If Verſe has Charms, 'tis now they muſt prevail,
Too well he knows all loſt, if here he fail.
You 'tis he claims, nor ſhall he poorly ſtrive
For any other Patron—CUTTS alive.

Immortal

Immortal CUTTS—

But hold,—I find I muſt not dare to raiſe,
Nor clap my joyful Wings to ſpread your Praiſe.
The baſhful Poet does my Suppliant ſtand,
And gently checks me with his trembling Hand.
So pure his Flames.—And they who love the beſt,
Know what they feel can never be expreſt.
Warm are his Thoughts, as warm his new Deſires,
Yet bear no vain, or vaſt, ambitious Fires.
To you, his gen'rous Patron, loſt, he flies,
On you builds humble Hopes, on you relies.
Nor roſe his Wiſhes, ſince they firſt began,
Above the Poet, or beneath the Man.

He

He courts no tranſient Preſent from your Hands,

'Tis here his nobler Expectation ſtands.

He would your Favours from your Choice derive,

Pleas'd, he receives what you are pleas'd to give.

But if your gen'rous Temper doubts to chooſe,

The Poet's Mind lyes open to the Muſe.

Moſt fond he courts what you can beſt beſtow,

For moſt he ſerves himſelf, in ſerving you.

Not that his Merits any Claim can boaſt,

But Favours here in grateful Souls are loſt.

All have their proſp'rous Hours, he courts the Time;

Want of Succeſs is ever charg'd a Crime;

To make it certain who the Charm can raiſe!
He asks of Heaven, and when it grants, gives Praiſe.
Let not the happy view his Wreck with Scorn,
He was, like them, to flowing Plenty born.
His Scene of Life ſeem'd all ſerene as theirs,
With blooming Fortunes in his blooming Years.
Then flouriſhing Joys did on his Senſes fall;
But—when War's Thunder broke, it blaſted all.
On you, my Son, he owns his Hope muſt ſtand,
Nor would be rais'd by any vulgar Hand.
Tho' I, the Muſe, thro' wilful Tracks have hurl'd,
And ſnatch'd him hence to my aërial World,

Like

Like the fam'd Eagle, proſp'rous may I prove,
Who bore up pale the trembling Youth above,
And fixt his happy Seat, plac'd in the Courts of *Jove.*

FINIS.